NUMB. CCXXXV.

The SPECTATOR.

——Populares
Vincentem ſtrepitus—— Hor.

Thurſday, November 29. 1711.

HERE is nothing which lies more within the Province of a Spectator than Publick Shows and Diverſions; and as among theſe there are none which can pretend to thoſe Elegant Entertainments that are exhibited at our Theatres, I think it particularly Incumbent on me to take Notice of every thing that is remarkable in ſuch numerous and refined Aſſemblies.

I obſerved, that of late Years, there has been a certain Perſon in the Upper Gallery of the Play-houſe, who when he is pleaſed with any thing that is done on the Stage, expreſſes his Approbation by a loud Knock upon the Benches, or the Wainſcot, which may be heard over the whole Theatre. This Perſon is commonly known by the Name of *the Trunk-maker in the Upper-Gallery*. Whether the Blow he gives on theſe Occaſions reſembles that which is often heard in the Shops of the Trunk-makers, or that he was ſuppoſed to have been a Trunk-maker, who after the finiſhing of his Work, uſed to unbend his Mind at theſe Diverſions with his Hammer in his Hand, I cannot certainly tell. There are ſome, I know, who have been fooliſh enough to imagine it is a Spirit that haunts the Upper Gallery, and from time to time makes thoſe ſtrange Noiſes; and the rather, becauſe he is obſerved to be louder than ordinary every time the Ghoſt of *Hamlet* appears. Others have reported, that it is a Dumb Man, who has choſen this way of uttering himſelf, when he is tranſported with any thing he ſees or hears. Others will have it to be the Play-houſe Thunderer, who exerts himſelf after this manner in the Upper Gallery when he has nothing to do upon the Roof. For my part, I made it my buſineſs to get the beſt Intelligence I could in a matter of this Moment, I found the Trunk-maker, as he is commonly called, to be a large black Man, whom no body knows. He uſually leans forward on a huge Oaken Plant which he holds in his Hand, and upon the Attention to every thing that paſſes upon the Stage. He is never ſeen to Smile; but upon the Sight of any thing that pleaſes him, he takes up his Plant in both Hands, and lays it upon the next Piece of Timber that ſtands in his way with exceeding Force: After which he compoſes himſelf into his Poſture, 'till ſuch time as ſomething elſe is to be again at Work.

I have obſerved his Blow is ſo well timed, that the moſt judicious Critick could never except againſt it. As ſoon as any ſhining Thought is expreſſed by the Author, or any uncommon Grace appears in the Actor, he ſtrikes the Bench or Wainſcot. If the Audience does not concur with him, he ſmites a ſecond time; and if the Audience is not yet awaked, looks round him with great Wrath, and repeats the Blow a third time, which never fails to produce the Clap. He ſometimes lets the Audience begin the Clap of themſelves, and at the Concluſion of their Applauſe ratifies it with a ſingle Thwack.

He is of ſo great uſe to the Play-houſe, that it is ſaid a former Director of it, upon his not being able to pay his Attendance by reaſon of Sickneſs, kept one in Pay to officiate for him 'till ſuch time as he recovered; but the Perſon ſo employed, tho' he laid about him with incredible Violence, did it in ſuch wrong Places, that the Audience ſoon found out that it was not their old Friend the Trunk-maker.

It has been remarked, that he has not yet exerted himſelf with Vigour this Seaſon. He ſometimes plies at the Opera; and upon *Nicolini*'s firſt Appearance, was ſaid to have demoliſhed three Benches in the Fury of his Applauſe. He has broken half a dozen Oaken Plants upon *Dogget*, and ſeldom goes away from a Tragedy of *Shakeſpear*, without leaving the Wainſcot extreamly ſhattered.

The Players do not only connive at this his obſtreperous Approbation, but very chearfully repair at their own Coſt whatever Damages he makes. They had once a Thought of erecting a Kind of Wooden Anvil for his uſe, that ſhould be made of a very ſounding Plank, in order to render his Stroaks more deep and mellow; but as this might not have been diſtinguiſhed from the Muſick of a Kettle Drum, the Project was laid aſide.

In the mean while I cannot but take notice of the great uſe it is to an Audience, that a Perſon ſhould thus preſide over their Heads, like the Director of a Conſort, in order to awaken their Attention, and beat Time to their Applauſes. Or to raiſe my Simile, I have ſometimes fancied the Trunk-maker in the Upper Gallery to be like *Virgil*'s Ruler of the Winds, ſeated upon the Top of a Mountain, who, when he ſtruck his Sceptre upon the ſide of it, rouſed an Hurricane, and ſet the whole Cavern in an Uproar.

It is certain the Trunk-maker has ſaved many a good Play, and brought many a graceful Actor into Reputation, who would not otherwiſe have been taken notice of. It is very viſible, as the Audience is not a little abaſhed, if they find themſelves betrayed into a Clap, when their Friend in the Upper Gallery does not come into it; ſo the Actors do not value themſelves upon the Clap, but regard it as a meer *Brutum fulmen*, or empty Noiſe, when it has not the Sound of the Oaken Plant in it. I know it has been given out by thoſe, who are Enemies to the Trunk-maker, that he has ſometimes been

been bribed to be in the Intereſt of a bad Poet, or a vicious Player; but this is a Surmiſe, which has no Foundation; his Stroaks are always juſt, and his Admonitions ſeaſonable; he does not deal about his Blows at Random, but always hits the right Nail upon the Head. That inexpreſſible Force wherewith he lays them on, ſufficiently ſhews the Evidence and Strength of his Conviction. His Zeal for a good Author is indeed outrageous, and breaks down every Force and Partition, every Board and Plank, that ſtands within the Expreſſion of his Applauſe.

As I do not care for terminating my Thoughts in Barren Speculations, or in Reports of pure Matter of Fact, without drawing ſomething from them for the Advantage of my Countrymen, I ſhall take the Liberty to make an humble Propoſal, that whenever the Trunk-maker ſhall depart this Life, or whenever he ſhall have loſt the Spring of his Arm by Sickneſs, Old Age, Infirmity, or the like, ſome able-bodied Critick ſhould be advanced to this Poſt, and have a competent Salary ſetled on him for Life, to be furniſhed with Bamboos for Operas, Crabtree-Cudgels for Comedies, and Oaken Plants for Tragedy, at the publick Expence. And to the End that this Place ſhould be always diſpoſed of, according to Merit, I would have none preferred to it, who has not given convincing Proofs, both of a ſound Judgment and a ſtrong Arm, and who could not, upon Occaſion, either knock down an Ox or write a Comment upon *Horace*'s Art of Poetry. In ſhort, I would have him a due Compoſition of *Hercules* and *Apollo*, and ſo rightly qualifyed for this important Office, that the *Trunk-maker* may not be miſſed by our Poſterity.

ERRATA in the Tueſday's *Paper, for Cured* 150 *read* 120.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

By Her Majeſty's Company of Comedians,

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane this preſent Thurſday, being the 29th of November, will be preſented a Comedy called, The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter. Written by Sir George Etheridge. The Part of Sir Fopling by Mr. Cibber, Dorimant by Mr. Wilks, Medley by Mr. Mills, old Bellair by Mr. Penkethman, young Bellair by Mr. Bullock, Jun. Shoe-maker by Mr. Bowen, Loveit by Mrs. Oldfield, Belinda by Mrs. Rogers, Harriot by Mrs. Sandlow, Emilia by Mrs. Porter.

AT the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, on Saturday next being the 1ſt Day of December, will be perform'd an Opera call'd Hydaſpe. No Perſon to be admitted without Tickets. To begin exactly at ſix.

For Sale by Retail.

At the Wine Vault of Meſſieurs Smith and Comp. under Thavies Inn againſt Hatton Garden, in Holborn, are to be ſold new natural Red and White Oporto Wines, imported by the Fleet now arrived, and juſt landed, at 16d. per Quart without Doors, and 18d. within; new Viana Red at 14d. per Quart without Doors, and 16d. within; new Barries at 20d. per Quart; Mountain at 18d. per Quart without Doors, and 20d. within; Palm Canary at 2s. per Quart without Doors, and 2s. 4d. within; Barcelona Deep, Bright, ſtrong at 12d. per Quart without Doors, and 14d. within. Note, All the aforeſaid Wines are in their natural Purity. There are good Rooms and Accommodations for Gentlemen.

To be Sold (without Doors) by the Merchant, at his Houſe in Mincing lane, next to Tho. Palmer, Eſq; a freſh parcel of new French Wines, viz. Obryan Claret at 3s. the Bottle, at 3s. 9d. the Flask, Hermitage and Burgundy at 5s. the Flask.

Wines to be ſold by Retail.

Excellent Red and White Port, and Red and White Lisbon, being neat Wines as they came from the Grape, of the beſt Growth in Portugal. To be ſold by the Importer in a Vault in Brabant Court in Philpot Lane, viz. Red and White Port at 5l. per Ton, or 14l. per Hhd. Red and White Lisbon at 5l. 5s. per Ton, or 16l. per Hhd. Attendance will be given every Day and at Night.

This Chryſtal Coſmetick approv'd of by the worſhipful Paul Chamberlain, (viz.) By waſhing Morning or Evening all red Faces proceeding from what cauſe ſoever, it takes off Freckles, Pimples and Freckles; it's of a ſoft Nature and doth adorn the Face and Hands of both Sexes in a very ſhort time; and may be uſed with as much ſafety as Milk, having in it no Mercury (ſo frequently made uſe of) or any other thing that may be prejudicial to the Body, being the beſt of this Nature ever yet known. Price of the larger Bottle ſix Shillings, the leſſer three Shillings, ſold at Mr. Alkrott's over againſt the Royal Exchange, Cornhill, Mr. Jackſon's the Corner of Wood-ſtreet, Cheapſide; formerly the Sign of the Comb, but now removed to the Seven Stars under St. Dunſtan's Church, Fleet-Street; Mr. Bracknock's at the upper end of St. James's-ſtreet, Piccadilly. Note, to prevent Counterfeits, each ſingle Bottle with Directions is tied and ſealed with this Coat of Arms, having a Fret with a Lion Rampant en a Canton.

The richeſt Palm Canary Wine that ever was drunk for 28s. the Dozen, Bottles and all; of a noble racy Favour, touch'd ſince it came over, if one Man may believe another, purely neat from the Grape, bottled off from the Lees; to ſuit England ſo good. All that taſte it like it, Quality and Gentry for it over and over, which they would not do, were it not a Flower. The longer 'tis kept the richer it grows. Sold only at the Golden Key in Hayden Yard in the Minories. Nonneſs true Bottles. Alſo the remainder of about 50 dozen of curious Old Claret (in Bottles) which a Gentleman (deceaſed) reſerved for his drinking. Sold at 33s. a Dozen, Bottles and all, none leſs than Bottles. It is entire and neat Wine, ſo choice good, that none underſtand true French Claret can diſlike it, a certain Perſon of Quality had a conſiderable number of dozens of it.

A moſt incomparable Paſte for the Hands, far exceeding any thing ever yet in Print: It makes them delicately ſmooth, ſleek and plump, fortifies them againſt the ſcorching Heat of the Fire or Sun, and Sharpneſs of the Wind. A Hand cannot be ſpoil'd but the Uſe of it will recover them. Sold only at Mr. Kraft's, Toy-ſhop, over-againſt the Royal-Exchange, at 1s. a Pot, with Directions: Where is ſold the excellent German Paſte for or the Scurvy in the Gums and Teeth, which by only rubbing every Morning, whitens and faſtens the Teeth to a Miracle, a Seal.

An aſſured Cure for Leanneſs; which proceeds from a Cauſe that few know, but eaſily remov'd by the Specifick Tincture, which fortifies the Stomach, purifies the Blood, takes off Fretfulneſs in the Mind, occaſions Reſt and eaſy Sleep, certainly diſpoſes and cauſes the Body to thrive and become plump and luſty, if no manifeſt Diſtemper afflicts the Patient, and will quench Fire; 'tis alſo the beſt Remedy in Nature for all Diſeaſes that take their Riſe from a bad Digeſtion in the Stomach; this Specifick Tincture totallily rectifies, and thereby Cures. It is pleaſant to taſte, and is ſold only at Mr. Payn's Toy ſhop at the Sign of the Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard near Cheapſide. Price 3s. 6d. a Bottle with Directions.

This is to give Notice to all Promoters of the Worſhip, and to all the Lovers of the Italian Tongue, that on Monday next, being the 2d of December, at 5 in the Afternoon, in the Italian Chapel in Oxendon-ſtreet near the Hay Market, there will be Divine Service in the Italian Tongue, and will continue every Day at the aboveſaid Hour, with an Italian Sermon preached by Mr. Caſſon, Italian Miniſter, Author of a new Method of teaching the Italian Tongue to Ladies, &c. *** Note, if any Lady, or Gentleman, deſire to be inſtructed in the ſame Language, they need only ſend a Line to Mr. Caſſon at Mr. Roberts's at the Queen's-Head in Litchfield-ſtreet.

This Day is Publiſhed,

A Sermon againſt Popery, Preached to the Proteſtants of Ireland reſiding at London, at their Anniverſary Meeting, October 23. 1711, in Commemoration of their Deliverance from the barbarous Maſſacre committed by the Iriſh Papiſts in the Year 1641. in the Pariſh Church of St. Paul's Covent-Garden. By William Bedell, B. D. Rector of Sutton in the County of Surry. The 3d Edition. Price 2d. Neceſſary for all Families. Printed for A. Baldwin in Warwick-lane.

There being now a very ſmall Number of the following Books remaining, Printed by Mr. Clavel lately Bankrupt, will be Sold in Quires to the 10th of January next, and no longer, to the Purchaſers of that Stock, J. Nicholſon, R. Wilkin and A. Bettesworth Booksellers, viz. the 2d Vol. of Dr. Canber's Work, 3s. 6d. Hiſtory of the Turks, 3d Vol. 5s. Dr. Willis's ſermons, 2d Vol. 2s. all in Folio. Dr. Canber of Tyths, compleat 5s. Church Hiſtory, in 4 Parts, 2s. Vindication of Principles, 1s. Antichriſtick Age, 4d. Bedæ Opera Theolog. 1s. 6d. Peirce's Immediate Equity of the Goſpel, 2s. &c. theſe in Quarto. Franks of Annuities, 1s. 6d. Journey to Naples, 1s. Dr. Canber of Orders, Mr. Wharton of Pluralities, 1s. Mr. Marches's Sermons, Brown's Anſwer to Toland, 1s. Sir G. Wheeler of Churches, Dr. Isham's Devotions, 1s. Daily Offices, 1s. &c.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in, as alſo by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.